RURĄL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

RAISING ONIONS FROM SEED. The onion grows best in an open situation, having a free exposure to the sun, and in a deep, rich, and rather clayey soil. There is no danger of making the soil too rich, provided only well-rotted barnyard manure is used and well mixed or incorporated with the soil. The space intended for onions should be plowed or dug over in the fall, so that when dry spring weather comes a slight forking or harrowing of the surface will be sufficient preparation for | it can readily be tried when occasion requires. the seed. This fall preparation is especially advisable because much of the success in getting a fair crop of balbs from seed in the Southern and southern parts of the Middle States depends altogether upon early seeding. The onion is a very hardy plant, and we had our best crops in Southern Maryland from seed sown about the 1st of March, when the young plants, after being an inch in height, were subjected to quite a severe freeze. In all localities where severe droughts are likely to occur in early summer the value of this crop will depend upon early sowing, so that the plants may attain strength before dry weather overtakes them.

The seed should be sown in drills and but lightly covered with soil. It is all-important that the ground should be tramped or well reiled just over the seed. When the young plants are large enough to be handled, thin them out to about four inches apart, weeding them at the same time. Horing should b commenced before weeds altain any size; it is easier to prevent weeds from growing than it is to condicate them after gaining a foot-holda fact which, if duly recognized, would save many a dollar in the expenses of farms and gardens. The main point in onion culture is to keep the plants in active growth until they attain size and maturity. This can be effected by keeping the surface soil pulverized, or, what is better, to mulch between the rows with any convenient material fit for this purpose We have seen chaff used with great advantage rotted leaves, manure, grass from lawns, and chopped straw have all been used with good effect and with profit.

ripening, and before storing for winter use. HEDGES AS FENCES.

As a farm fence the live hedge is not a decided success. This is not so much on account of the impossibility of making a good and reliable fence from suitable plants, but mostly on account of the timely care necessary in management. The two best plants for making farm hedges are the Osage orange and the honey locust; both of these plants are of luxurduring the season to keep them in shape. It merated. therefore happens that the hedge requires attention at a time when the farmer is busily engaged with his crops, and the result is that the hedge is neglected, and soon becomes use- A Digest of Information Collected From Various less as an efficient fence.

A good hedge is something more than a mere fence: it acts as a sheltering agent to crops, and in tre. ess countries gives a pleasing variety to the scenery. To the mere utilitarian this latter quality may present little value, but there are but few who do not recognize this improved and even where the question of cost would be against their continuance, the live fence is tion because of the additional beauty it imparts preference in the matter. to the scenery of the country.

With the view of combining an efficient fence with the beauty of a hedge, it is proposed

HOW TO SPROUT SWEET POTATOES. A reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, dat- little calomel into the crevices. ing from Kansas, asks for the best method of sprouting sweet potatoes, and whether or not it is essentially necessary to prepare a hot-bed for the purpose of getting plants in time for setting out. We have never used a hot-bed for sprouting sweet potatoes, although we have used a glazed sash and frame, and have seen more certain, as it allows the bed to become warmer than when it is covered with a more opaque substance. In preparing the frame, first spread two or three inches of sand, then lay in the potatoes thick enough to nearly touch each other. If the potatoes are very large, it will be necessary to cut them in two and lay them with the cut surface uppermost. After filling the space, cover the whole with sand about two inches above the potatoes. The sash is then placed over them, and kept close until they commence to grow. Do not ! When well sprouted the glass may be entirely

The American Pomological Society states that the Concord grape is the most popular variety in the country. Next in popularity the Dela-ware is placed, followed by the Hartford Prolific and the Ives. Norton's Virginia is popular as a wine grape, and the Scuppernong for the extreme Southern States.

When we take into consideration the great number of varieties which have been introduced during, the past twenty-five years, brought out with the highest encomiums and sold at high prices, the above selection is not very flattering to the judgment of those who have been instrumental in sending out the high-praised and high-priced kinds; it also as fine-flavored grapes. But we are not so badly off as this summary suggests; the truth is that good grape-growing localities are not so plenti-

general rule, the report of the society is correct. The successes in grape culture depend more upon locality than upon skill in management. The most skillful cultivator will be unable to get good crops in unsuitable localities. The great drawback of our best kinds is their liability to leaf injury from mildew; hence we find that the varieties least subject to this malady are mostly grown, a true illustration of the concerned; but nature does not take into conmideration the quality of the fruit.

AGE OF TREES FOR PERMANENT PLANTING. In selecting trees and plants for the orchard and garden those which have made only a moderate growth should be preferred. A peach tree one year old from the bud is the proper age to select; indeed, so well is this recognized that nobody pretends to sell older trees. For pears, apples, plums, and cherries two years' growth from bud is the most desirable. We have planted considerably of trees only one year budded, but would not recommend setting out trees so young. The slight additional cost of a two-year-old tree over that of one year old is more than compensated in the better growth of With grapes we have not found so great a difference. Good one-year-old plants are about as good as those of two years' growth, unless they have been grown in deep penty rich soil and have a mat of roots similar to the tail of a horse; plants with roots of this character seldom do much good the first year after planting; these small, fibry roots rootld and decay, and new roots have to be produced from the base of the plant, if at all. On the other hand, plants of the grape which have only two or three stumps of thickish roots soon establish a luxuriant growth.

BUTTER FACTORIES. Mr. Schoch, of Orangeville, Illinois, who Mr. Schoch, of Orangeville, Illinois, who keeps a butter factory, purchases his cream under the following rules, which he finds to book of instruction."—Ads Erwin, Red Bank, work well all round: Each patron sets his Clarion county, Pa.
milk as he wishes, and does his own skimming. About four times a year or oftener a For silk-worm eggs and book, address Miss

in small churns, and the butter carefully collected and weighed. The ratio of the butter to the quart of cream gives the factor by which the patron's cream is tested. This system allows each farmer to raise his cream as he desires, make it rich or poor, and be paid accordingly. The farmer is never informed of the day when the sample may be taken, and the pay is according to the test taken, and is not changed until the next test. Any one dissatisfied with the per cent. of butter to cream allowed him can demand new tests, and as many as he desires. The system is said to be entirely satisfactory to both seller and buyer.

TO PREVENT HORSES FROM CRIBBING. It is stated that horses may be weaned from this habit by using a paste made of red pepper and brown soap applied wherever marks of teeth are seen in the woodwork. The animal will soon discover it and will avoid touching it. This is so simple and cheap a remedy that

FLOWERING SHRUBS IN THE YARD. Agricultural Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I wish you would tell us more about flowering shrubs and hardy plants for the front yard. One of the most charming objects which I have seen was a large round bed filled with varieties must be decided by the purse and wisdom of of spireas. What a beautiful thing, when in | the purchaser. We scarcely agree with the studded thickly with blossoms. The Forsythia, of good digestion, but we do believe that cheer-the earliest of flowering shrubs, forms a yellow fulness, happiness, prosperity, and the like, are all equally fashionable for street wear. mass, so profuse is its blossoming. Then, how are attendants upon perfect health, and perfect seldem one sees the old-fashioned sweet Mis- health is mainly a result of health-inducing souri current, with which but few plants can cons. Thus it becomes a matter of naexcel in delightful fragrance. The double | tional as well as individual importance that | of style. flowering almond, and the red flowering Pyrus our homes be healthful. In the selection of a seem to be gradually disappearing.

And what, may I ask, has been found objecthe modern garden? It is called an old plant, but I am one of those who think, with regard hood. The second is that of perfect sewerage to flowers and flowering plants, that "Age can- and efficient modes of ventilation. More and not wither, custom cannot state," and, indeed, more are intelligent architects coming to the I look upon old plants as others do upon old rescue of bailed physicians and proving to books and old wines. But, in regard to setting, there is so much character in a thickly-set bed sified sufferings of city dwellers, are largely plats should be abolished. I suppose that gardeners will not agree with me in this proposition, but I mean to have none on my premises have trees about it, for these, planted at judi-unless in thick y-set beds. Martha. bave trees about it, for these, planted at judi-cious distances from a house, break by their unless in thickly-set beds. Martha.

NEW CATALOGUE. Descriptive Catalogue of Small Fruit Plants, &c., Grown and for sale by Irving Allen, Springfield, Mass. - It has been said that the reason why the French borticulturists and florists are so expert To enable them to keep in good condition, in their profession, and are so successful in raisonions should be well dried in the sun after | ing new plants, is owing to the fact that each one has a specialty, to which he exclusively con-fines himself, and in the culture of which he becomes noted. Our nurserymen are fast coming to this. This catalogue of Mr. Allen's is confined mainly to strawberries and raspberries, of which the best selections are given, and their comparative values described. Very fine colored plates are given of the Manchester strawberry, the Frentiss grape and the Hansell raspberry. Brief instructions in regard to planting and cultivating are given, with list, iant growth and require frequent trimming of prices attached to the various articles enu-

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

An experienced farmer recommends that oats be soaked sufficiently to swell them before feeding to stock. Ground oats are in proper condition at all times, but millers are not partial to grinding oats, and many farmers landscape effect, combined, as it is, with utility, feed them unground; when soaked the husk is partially torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the maintained in a more or less defective condi- soaked grains from the dry when allowed a

to creet a fence of barbed wire, then plant Osage | paper contains the following recommendation | our walls and windows exert, may be humanarange, barberry, privet, or honey locust, and | for the treatment of grease heels: Give a purallow the hedge to grow up and ultimately gative of Barbadoes aloes seven drachms; should speak to the passer-by of the kindliness mover up the wires. When the posts support- gentian and ginger each one drachm; syrup to and cheerfulness within. There is a hospitalmg the wires have decayed it is probable that | make a ball, or dissolve the aloes in a pint of | ity to the outside world, not incompatible with the barbs of the wires will have become so | tepid water and add the other ingredients and | self-protection, in the management of curtains, fixed and entangled in the wood or branches of give as a dreach. Poultiee the running and and flowers and transparencies in the windows the plants as to remain intact without further sore places with linseed meal. After poultic- seem to establish a kind of kinship between attention. This would insure a durable and | ing a couple of days clean the legs well and | ourselves and the hundreds of human sisters

If farmers will sow one-half bushel of winter rye to the acre in their corn, and plow it in the last time, it will not only have a tendency to choke out the weeds that start up afterward, but there will be no danger of dry murrain them equally successful when sprouted under among cattle from eating too freely of dry E covering of oiled calico; but a glass cover is stalks, as the rye will remain green through the winter, and will be eaten by stock in preference to the corn fodder. It makes a desirable feed for all kinds of stock, and aids materially in the quality and quantity of milk produced. besides proving a saving of from one to two tons of hay for every acre sown; and last, but not least, it affords a green crop to plow under in the spring, which will renew and enrich

the land .- Rural World, WARM THE WATER.

Don't be afraid to put warm drink in the poultry-house these cold mornings. We know give any water. Have some old bagging or | you have always given it to them cold, but we straw to cover with during nights. When the | hardly think the change will cause intoxicasprouts show above the sand a little air should | tion, unless it be of joy. If they have the be allowed when the sun shines, and a daily water warm in the morning, with a little wetting may be given, but only on clear days. | cayenne pepper put in to keep it so, it will be very grateful to the birds, and is a beneficial corrective as well, while such "peppered drinks" will not congeal so quickly as water will without it, in the coldest weather. But the clean, fresh water, in ample supply, within the chicken-house, is a desideratum, and its value cannot be over estimated in the severe wintry days.—Poultry Yard.

stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them clean and stand half an hour; then wash them into a stew-pan with one quart of water or stock, a clove, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice, and salt and pepper. Simmer two hours. Put one tablespoonfal of butter in the frying-pan, and when hot add one of flour. Stir until it is brown and smooth, and add to the kidneys. Put a small bunch of sweet herbs into a stew-pan with one quart of water or stock, a clove, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice, and salt and pepper. Simmer two hours. Put one tablespoonfal of butter in the frying-pan, and when hot add one of flour. Stir until it is brown and smooth, and add to the kidneys. Put a small half an hour; then wash them into a stew-pan with one quart of water or stock, a clove, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice, and salt and pepper. Simmer two hours. Put one tablespoonfal of butter in the frying-pan, and when hot add one of flour. Stir until it is brown and smooth, and add to the kidneys. removed during the day, and a couple of weeks | corrective as well, while such "peppered before planting keep the glass off day and drinks" will not congeal so quickly as water might, so as to harden the plants and prepare | will without it, in the coldest weather. But wintry days .- Poultry Yard.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Our Agricultural Editor's Weekly Chat With His Readers.

To a "Young Pear Grower," who desires to be informed about the indications of blight on his trees, we would state that usually the first conspicuous evidence is that of the leaves becoming black, as if scorched; hence, we suppose, the common name of fire blight, when describing this disease. On examining a branch shows that we can only grow grapes of third- in this condition it will be observed that at rate quality in quantities; for, excepting the Delaware, we cannot place the others very high ting into this, the wood will be more or less discolored. The remedy is to cut off the branch below the diseased part where the wood is sound and perfect. The tree may ful as is supposed. We have localities where such superior varieties as Iona, Diana, Eumelan, Walter, Salem, and others which could be named are produced in perfection, but, as a general rule, the report of the society is correct.

years, and yet, again, it may go through every limb of the tree. We have had trees so injured that every branch would have to be reduced in the double broiler and cook about six minutes over a bright fire. Serve on a hot dish with maitre d'hotel butter. moved, and yet a new top would form, and in a few years the tree be as good as ever.

"I see it stated that it does more harm than good to scrape the rough bark from old trees; also, that whitewashing the stems is uscless. What is your opinion about these operations?"-John Gil-

Ans.: Inasmuch as insects, caterpillars and larvæ find a lodgement in crevices of rough "survival of the fittest," so far as growth is bark, its removal tends to their destruction otherwise, it need not be removed. As to whitewashing trees, the only reason for it is to prevent blight on the parts washed, and to remove scale insects from the bark; for both it is effectual, whatever may be said to the

> "I see it stated that blight in pear trees is due to a partial exhaustion of the soil, and that that exaustion is confined chiefly to mineral substances. and the advice is given to give the soil a dressing of coal or wood ashes, half a wagon load to a

tree. Is this likely to prove a remedy?"-Senex. Ans.: Blight is well known to be produced by atmospheric causes, with which the soil has nothing to do. Some writers hesitate not to give an opinion about things of which they are wholly ignorant. When a writer advises the older tree. This has been our experience. the application of half a wagon-load of wood ashes to a tree, his statements are altogether unworthy of serious consideration.

Mrs. C. R. is informed that cuttings of carrants, gooseberries, grapes, privets, and other | paper, but at last the good-nights were exchanged, things which she alludes to, should be planted the lamps were put out, and in the library as soon as the ground is dry enough for work- there remained only the uncertain, flickering ing. Make the cuttings about eight inches in | firelight. length and insert them so that the top will be about level with the surface. The less of the cutting exposed the better; evaporation from exposed portions is against the rooting of the

cuttings. "Ist. Can you inform me where I can obtain

Ans.: Any nurseryman can get you plants quart sample of the cream is secured from each | Perham, Memphis, Tenn. We send you a patron; this is taken to the factory and churned | small work on the subject by mail.

WOMĄN'S WORK.

Aunt Helen's Home Talks---Color in Dress---Our Letter Box, &c.

When the Atherton family were once more gathered around the hospitable library hearth, Aunt Helen took up her old role, and, much to Ethel's delight, she quite unexpectedly began the series of talks for which the latter had been waiting.

"The merry chirping and chattering that has been going on lately among the birds up in the leafless trees and vines near my windows," read Aunt Helen, "reminds me that the winter days will soon be ended, and with them, also, Ethel's visit. The busy little builders outside have also reminded me that it is time to begin the planning of the home of which Ethel is so soon to become mistress. The first consideration concerning a home is

home-site, the first requisite is that of elevation, for a low situation insures to the occutionable in the lilae, that it is so rarely seen in | pants of the home the evils of drainage from the higher points of a surrounding heighborthem that the fevers, the languors, the unclasof shrubs that I think single plants on grass | due to bad sewerage, damp cellars, badly conshade the sickening heat of a summer sun, and by their roots absorb much of the poisonous matter of the soil. All homes cannot be suburban, but we could wish that to every home there might belong a sward and pathways. To the traveler or the arriving guest there is no sight more friendly than a firm, white, gleaming road or pathway winding through a cool, green lawn up to a hospitable-looking doorway. If the home be in the country and surrounded by grounds, the carriage road should pass the home-encircling park. And for the sake of all that is natural, artistic and humane, we beg all the phases of home and social life are open that the margins of roads and pathways be not bordered with the remains of defunct molluses. Involuntarily, when we see these prim, shell-bordered walks and flower-plots, we wender who ate the oyster which once inhabited the new broken shell, and if the ap- interesting scrap connected with this recipe, which n lonely exile from birthplace and kin- THE TRIBUNE: dred-is really only apparent, or if some subtle sense does not, indeed, pervade it, and make it which they form with the green of grass or leaves, when all other things are taking on sombre tints, cannot fail to be a refreshment. In a city home, one must do as one can; but even here it is possible to add something to the outside attractions of a house. Houses have their physiogomies, as truly as people have their physiogomies, as truly as people have them, and the influence which the exterior of izing or the reverse. The outsides of our homes dress three times a day with a lotion of sugar | and brothers on the outside, whose hands we of lead one ounce; water one pint-mix. For | never touch and whose voices we never hear. the diseased frogs clean them well and insert a | One of the beautiful aspects of the quaint old Swiss cities is, that on the window-sills of the humblest buildings, simple, familiar flowers bloom, and seem to send down to every passerby a silent, graceful greeting. We naturally, perhaps, fall into the habit of classifying houses from their outside appearance. One house is self-assertive, repellant; another is negative, and tells us nothing; another is prim and utterly without grace; another looks dejected and neglected; another speaks only of squalor and thriftlessness; another is eloquent of bygone dignity, while another seems to have been built alike to brave the heaviest storms, or to stand perpetually bathed in warm and genial sunlight. In this house the very stones seem to vibrate with a human sympathy, and the

> but Tabbie's offering: OUR TABLE. Dishes for Breakfast and Tea.

Stewed Kindeys .- Cut the kidneys in thin, round slices. Cover them with cold water and let them stand half an hour; then wash them clean and if not, add more salt and pepper, and, if desirable, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Take out the bunch of herbs and serve. This dish can be prepared any time in the day, as it is quite as good warmed over as when first prepared.

Kidneys, Saute.-Skin, wash, and wipe the kinneys, cut in thin, round slices and season with salt and pepper. Put one tablespoonful of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour into the frying-pan, and when hot put in the kidneys. Stir two min-utes, then add half a cupful of stock or water. When the dish boils up add half a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Serve with a garnish of points of

Broiled Kidneys.-Skin, wash, wipe, and split sheep's or lamb's kidneys. Run a small skewer through each to keep it open. Season with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter and in flour, place in the double broiler and cook six minutes over a bright fire. Serve on a hot dish Kidneys a la Maitre d'Hotel .- Split and cut in two, lengthwise, lamb's or sheep's kidneys. Wash and wipe them. Season with salt and pepper, and dip in melted butter and fine bread crumbs. Run a small skewer in each to keep it open. Put them

Ham and Eggs on Toast.—Chop fine the trimmings from cold boiled or roasted ham. Toast and butter slices of stale bread. Spread the ham on these, and place in the oven about three minutes. Beat six eggs with half a cupful of milk, a little pepper, and one teaspoonful of salt. Put this mixture into a sauce-pan, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stir over the fire until it begins to thicken. Take off and beat for a moment; then spread on the ham and toast. Serve immediately.

Ham Croquettes .- One cupful of finely-chopped cooked ham, one of bread crumbs, two of hot mashed potatoes, one large tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter, and two of the eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly, and shape it ike croquettes. Roll in the bread crumbs, dip in eaten egg and again in crumbs, put into the frying-basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook two minutes. Drain and serve.

Canapees .- After cutting the crust from a loaf of stale bread, cut the loaf in very thin slices, and toast to a delicate brown. Butter lightly, and spread with any kind of potted meat or fish. Put two slices together, and with a sharp knife out them in long strips. Arrange these tastefully on a dish and serve at tea or evening parties. Sardines may be pounded to a paste and mixed with the yolks of hard-beiled eggs, also pounded to a paste, and used instead of potted meats. In this case the slices of bread may be fried in salad oil.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton had many pleasant things to say-comments and suggestic which had been prompted by Aunt Helen's

COLOR IN DRESS.

We pass now to harmonious combinations with yellow as a base. Yellow and purple form an agreeable harmony. Yellow and blue form a cold harmony. Yellow and violet har-monize. Yellow and lilac a weak harmony. Yellow and chestnut (or chocolate) harmonize. Yellow and brown harmonize, Yellow and red harmonize. Yellow and crimson harmonize. Yellow and white a poor harmony. Yellow and black harmonize. Yellow, low, purple, scarlet and blue harmonize.

PASHION NOTES.

Joule cloth is a rival of clieviots and tweeds. New half-fitting wraps are cut with Japa-

evening wear.

A stylish spring bonnet in "Queen Mab" shape, which is of the poke order of bonnets, is made of amber-colored straw. About the crown is draped a wide pattern of gold lace, which partly veils a small wreath of searlet roses and mignonettes. The inside of the bonnet is faced with crimson velvet, and upon the extreme edge is set a row of pale amber beads.

In many stores devoted to the sale of elegant and the hair of the wearer dressed high.

The fashions for the present season are to be singularly eclectic. Silk, satin, velvet, plush, pekin, faille, brocade, are all worn to some exbloom, is the Weigelia, with its branches philosopher who said that 'Religion is a matter the colors: dark green, dark blue, garnet, Long cloaks are as much seen as the jaunty Newmarkets, and hats and bonnets can hardly be too large or two small to be considered out

The new printed satcens are very attractive. Some of the latest patterns are quite indescribable, showing a number of dull fints enlivened which are thrown masses of soft-tinted foliage, clusters of laurel blossoms, arbutus flowers, scarabai, geometrical figures, and tiny moons and crescents. These fabrics are to be used this season in conjunction with self-colored materials, and great taste and tact are necessary in combining the two fabrics. The printed sateens are used for panels, tablier, facings, and corsage trimmings.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

We should be glad to receive letters from the mothers among our readers. We are sure that many a word of needed counsel and helpful experience might be sent to us out of the everyday lives of our mothers. We hope that we do not now appeal in vain. Life is full of practical duties, which our sons and daughters are yet to meet, and a timely word of counsel now and then may smooth down many a rough crossway and fortify the heart for many a stern experience which lies waiting for some or all of our children. We specify no subjects; for comment in our Letter-Box.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In THE TRIBUNE of March 15th, I read in Aunt

The History of Roman Punch .- For nearly a cenof the conqueror. Young Master Molas became a favorite servant of the ill-started Josephine. When she died he obtained a situation in the culinary establishment of the Russian Prince Lieven, and accompanied his Excellency to London, on his appointment as Embassador to the Court of St. James. of the Prince Regent, and his Royal Highness permitted copies to be given to a few select friends; by degrees, it became better known, and is now made in a greater or less degree of excellence the world over. Aunt Helen has happened upon the genuine recipe. Very truly, yours, ANITA L. BALTIMORE, MD.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In addition to the utensils which we already have named, there will be needed in a completely fur-nished kitchen, a moulding board of good hard which to break bones, open lobsfers, etc.; a rolling pin, wooden buckets for sugar, Graham, Indian and rye meal, wooden boxes for rice, tapioca, crackers, barley, soda, cream of tartar, etc.; covers for flour barrels, wire flour sieve—not too large, a pail for cleaning purposes, one vegetable masher, large stone pot for bread, a stone pot for butter, one for pork, one dust-pan and brush, one scrub bing brush, one broom, one blacking brush, four yellow earthen bowls holding from six quarts down, four white smooth-bottomed bowls—cach holding one quart, cups-each holding half a pint, one bean pot, one earthen pudding dish. A FRIEND TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

A. N., Denver, Col .- Before we comply with your request to give an account of the blending of colors employed in some of the most noted of classical paintings, we have thought best to indicate the symbolism of colors, as understood by ancient painters. In the early ages painting was employed albroad doors seem to have Welcome inscribed on most solely to decorate the churches, and every painter attached to each color some moral or spirit-ual significance. A knowledge of the mystic sense archways and panels. We pause before this home, with the hope that it may be the counor symbolism of colors was alike necessary to terpart of the one which we are about to rear." artists and to interpreters of art. While is worn by the Savior after his resurrection; by the Virgin in representations of the Assumption and Immaeu-Aunt Helen had finished, and there remained late Conception; by women, as the emblem of charity; by rich men to indicate humility, and by the judge as the symbol of integrity. It is represented sometimes by silver or the diamond, and its sented sometimes by silver or the diamond, and its sentiment is purity, virginity, innocence, faith, joy and light. Red, the color of the ruby, speaks of royalty, fire, divine love, the holy spirit, creative power and heat. In an opposite sense it symbolized blood, war, and hatred. Red and black combined were the colors of Satan, purgatory, and evil spirits. Red and white roses are emblems of love and innocence, or love and wisdom as in the garland of St. Cecilia. Now that of dom, as in the garland of St. Cecilia. Blue, that of the sapphire, signified heaven, heavenly love and truth, constancy and fidelity. Christ and the Virgin Mary wear the blue mantle, St. John a blue tunic. Green, the emerald, the color of spring, expressed hope and victory. Yellow or gold was the emblem of the sun, the goodness of God, faith, and fruitfulness. St. Joseph and St. Peter wear yellow. Yellow has also a bad significance when it has a dirty, dingy hue, such as the usual dress of Judas, and then signifies jealousy, inconstancy, and deceit. Violet or amethyst signified passion or suffering, or love and truth. It is the color of martyrs; penitents, as the Magdalene, wear it; the Madonna wears it after the crucifixion, and Christ after the resurrection. Gray is the hue of mourning, of penance, humility, or accused innocence.

Black refers to darkness, mourning, wretchedness,
wickedness, death, and belonged to Satan. In
pictures of the Tempiation Jesus sometimes wears black. White and black together signified humility, mourning, and purity of life. These are the colors of the Carmelites and Dominicans. Our next letter will begin the series for which you have asked.

THE LETTER DRAWER.

A. L. sends to "A Country Girl" the following contribution for her soup-book:

and pepper to taste. Wash the rice carefully, and add to chicken stock, onlon, and celery. (slowly two hours (it should hardly bubble). through a sieve; add seasoning and the milk or cream, which has been allowed to come just to a boil. If milk, use also a tablespoonful of butter.

> Snowing Sand. [From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

At last Monday night's meeting of the Microscopical Society, H. G. Hanks read an interesting paper on "Some Notable Features of the Great San Francisco Snow Storm." The lecturer, it seems, being desirous of getting some chemically pure water, collected some of the snow, and found, to his suprise, that the water from it was muddy and milky. On placing it under the microscope, he found that the water contained fine sand, resembling that of the Colorado and Mojave deserts. While making further experiments, he happened to read a telegram from Fresno, announcing that a shower of mud had fallen, although the atmosphere had been perfectly quiet for a week. He then procured some of this mud and found that it was almost identical with that obtained from the snow. The lecturer stated, further, that he had made a calculation as to the amount of sand which fell in that memorable storm, and that he had found it to be seventy-five tons to the square mile, supposing the fall to have been

Somebody's Child. Somebody's child is dying-dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can sumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's sumption is curable; that men are living today whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod purple, scarlet and crimson harmonize. Yel- liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines low, purple, scarlet and blue harmonize. in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

TED AND THE BABY.

- Valenciennes lace is returning to favor for A Very Remarkable Experiment Housekeeping.

[By George Cary Eggleston.]

The baby always had been Ted's pet. Ted was about eight years older than the baby, and so he made it his business from the first to do lingerie is quite a display of Elizabethan and all he could to make this little sister happy. Mary Stuart ruffs. Some are made of lace and He would sit for hours amusing the baby or others of the sheerest of India muslin. To rocking her cradle without a sign of worry, keep them in an upright position, a stiff, invis- and he would carry her about, too, even after ible net lining is used. Roman pearl beads, she grew heavy, to show her the pigs and large and small according to fancy, are sewn chickens, until his sturdy short legs could on the edge. To suit this style, the throat stand the burden no longer. In short, he was must be long and slender, or moderately so, the best brother that a little baby girl ever had, and by the time that she could walk and talk a little, Miss Baby had learned to think he was her own private property. She wanted Ted to lead her, Ted to talk to her, Ted to show her whatever there was to see, Ted to sit by her cradle until she went to sleep, Ted to do everything for her. And Ted liked it all, because he loved the baby better than anybody else in the world. But this is not telling my story. The way of it was this: Ted's father, who lived in cen-

tral Indiana, used to go to Cincinnati every year, driving a big drove of hogs to sell there, and he took with him all the men and big boys he could hire to help him drive the hogs, for the trip was a long one, and there were no railby a few touches of old gold or Japanese red; roads in that part of the country in those days. others show rich, dark-colored grounds, over It was at a time like this that Ted's mother It was at a time like this that Ted's mother was sent for to see her sister, who was very sick. This sister lived a good many miles away, and the weather was cold and stormy. Ted's mother did not know what to do. She could not take the baby with her in such weather, and there was nobody to leave with

> "I'll tell you, mother," said Ted: "you just go along, and I'll take care of the baby till you come back."

her and little nine-year-old Ted.

"But it is a long way, Ted," said the mother, 'and I may not be back till very late." "Well, what of that?" asked the stouthearted little fellow. "You don't s'pose I'm afraid, do you? If you're gone till midnight I don't care. Just leave the baby with me and go along. If you don't get back by bed-time, I'll go to bed, and you can bang on the door to wake me."

The good mother hardly knew what to do. She did not like to put such a load of care upon the little fellow, but the case was pressing, and there seemed to be no other way. So, after looking to see that there was food enough cooked for Ted's dinner and supper, she

mounted her horse and rode away.

Ted held the baby up to the window and Helen's Budget the recipe for Roman Punch (Ponch a la Ramaine), and I now venture to send you an looked back from the top of the hill. Then he looked back from the top of the hill. Then he and if it was the finest parlor in the world, by passing through the baggage and express and if it was the finest parlor in the world, by passing through the baggage and express to looked doors, climbed up, ran parent forlornness of this object-rent, speech- I have lately received from a friendly reader of set to work to "make a day of it" with Baby. He played horse and let the baby ride on his back; he showed her all the pictures in the tury Roman punch had been the summer refresh- | big Bible; he made a house out of the chairs ment of the Popes, and their cooks were threatened and tables, and did a hundred other things to yearn to get back to its watery home, or at least to the shelly beach, where the waters may lave it, and sing untranslatable requiems over it. Much more natural than a border of shells is one of Alpine strawberry plants. These graceful little plants should be placed at distances of five or six inches; the red berries will last late into the antumn, and the contrast which the grann of grass or with the grann of grant of the potential they ventured to make the day pleasant for his little sister, and make the day pleasant for his little sister, and make the day pleasant for his little sister, and make the day pleasant for his little sister, and with the horrors of Holy Office if they ventured to make the day pleasant for his laugh of his fund a hundred other things to make the day pleasant for his laugh of his fund a hundred other things to make the day pleasant for his laugh of his fund a hundred of any tune, but Baby thought his singing the very best she had ever heard, and so it answered Before the baby waked it had begun to snow,

and so Ted had a new thing to show her. The snow was beautiful to look at, as it fell very fast, and the little girl was full of the fun of watching it through the window. So the day passed and night came on. It was still snow-ing hard, and a fierce wind had begun to blow. After Ted had put the baby to bed, and piled a lot of wood on the fire, he sat down in the big rocking-chair to wait for his mother, who had not yet come. The wind was blowing like a hurricane, and it made him restless and uneasy. He was not afraid, for he was a very plucky little fellow, but as he listened to the wind howling through the tree-tops and moanwood, a board on which to cut bread, a board on ing around the house, and heard the windows which to cut cold meats, a thick board or block on rattle, he thought of his mother, who must be somewhere out in that terrible storm, and he was uneasy about her. Still, he had no fear for her safety, as he knew that she was used to had got as far as the wood-pile with the tunnel, were they mercenaries, each and all, getting over troubles, and so at last he went to and this was lucky, for the wood from the old bed and to sleep.

moaning around the house.

past eight in the morning, for it's dark. I | put it on to boil. wonder if I've slept all night and all day?"

With this he opened the back door to get some wood from the pile. But instead of going | thickened it with flour as he had seen his | out, he started back in surprise. The doorway mother do, and was about to put pepper into it, was blocked up with a wall of snow. He ran when he remembered that pepper would spoil quickly to the front door and opened it. The | it for the baby. At last it was ready, and the wall of snow was there too, and all the win- two sat down to their supper. The corn-bread dows were blocked up in the same way. Ted was not very good, because Ted had forgotten understood now. It was half past eight in the | to put any salt in it, but it did very well to morning, but the house was completely buried | crumble into Baby's soup, and she ate very in a snow-drift. He and the baby were snowed | heartily, and then fell asleep in Ted's lap.

I have said that Ted was a plucky little fellow, and so he was; but this was a terrible thing must have happened to her, or she would state of affairs, and for a few minutes he was | not have left him and Baby so long. At last scared. Snowed in, with the baby to take care | he fell asleep, and long after the fire had died of, and without any chance of help coming to | down to a dull red he was startled by the sound him, he might well feel alarmed. His mother of a noisy banging on the door, and loud voices had not got home, and he could not guess what had become of her. The very nearest neighbor lived five miles away, and there was no knowing how long it would be before anybody would find out what had happened. But Ted soon saw that getting scared would

only make matters worse. "I can't help mother," he said to himself, wherever she may be; and what I've got to do is to take care of Baby till the snow melts. | the wind blew in her face, and the snow-drifts Wonder how long that will be? Two or three weeks, I should think. And what are we to eat, I wonder? Let's see."

With that he lighted a candle and went to the cellar. There was only a little milk about her children, and in her anxiety she Cream of Rice Soup.—Two quarts of chicken stock, (the water in which fowl have been boiled will answer,) one teacupful of rice, a quart of cream or milk, a small onion, a stalk of celery, and salt dressed her and gave her bread and milk. dressed her and gave her her bread and milk. Then he cut some bacon and fried it for himself, but he would not eat any bread, because he knew there was only part of a loaf left, and

he must save that for Baby. After breakfast he began to lay his plans. At first he thought of digging out, but he gave that up, because, even if he should get out, he could not carry the baby five miles in such a snow. He knew enough to be sure that the snow was not so deep everywhere as it was around the house. He remembered how the wind had blown, and knew that the house was buried in a drift; but he knew that there must have been a very deep snow-fall to make such a drift, and it would never do for him to try to carry the baby through a deep snow to a house five miles away. He must just stay

where he was, and take care of the baby. The first thing to do was to see how much wood there was at the house. So he dug a hole in the snow at the side of the door, and brought in all there was there, except one big back log, which was too heavy for him. As he looked at the pile he saw that it would last till night, and by that time he meant to get the back log in by some means. He was worse troubled about milk for the baby. There was none left now, and he wondered if he could get to the cow-shed in any way. It was a long way off, but he must have milk if he could get it, and he must try to feed the cows too, for if nobody fed them they would have to live on the hay which stood in a stack at the end of their shed.

Bravely the little fellow set to work to make a tunnel to the cow-house, but it was very slow work. He began at the door of the summer kitchen, and threw the show, as he dug it out, brighten it-because there was no cure for con- into that shed. The further he went, the more slowly he got on, for he had to bring all the snow back to the shed kitchen and pack it in heart, before it is too late. Tell her that con- there. He kept at work, however, until he was tired out and very hungry, and yet he had hardly made a fair beginning. He saw that he must give up the idea of digging his way to the cow-shed, and get on in some way without milk. He was very sorry on Baby's account, but there was no help for it, so he set about

would eat a little roasted potato with him, but I've done it." a baby only a year and a half old could not live on potatoes. She always ate more bread and or the mess, my brave boy," answered the milk than anything else, but milk was out of mother, as she drew him to her side and kissed the question, and bread and water would him. "You and the baby are safe, and that's

"Wonder if I could make her a pudding!" said Ted, after thinking the matter over. "Mother puts eggs in puddings, I know, and there are two eggs in the cupboard. I wonder what else she puts in? Milk? Yes, and I haven't any milk. Maybe it 'll do without

milk. Let's see." And with that he carefully planned a pudding. He tried to remember what his mother did when she made a dish of the kind, but he could not remember much. He believed she beat the eggs, so he would do that at any rate. and the white separate, the beating did not make it look quite right.

it was not a real triumph of cooking skill.

tried to swing the end around; but the wood was frozen to the ground, and would not move. He brought out the big tongs for a lever, and after bending them nearly double in trying to start the log, he succeeded. The log gave way suddenly, Ted fell over it, and a great mass of snow fell upon him, completely burying him. He scrambled out in a moment and shook the snow off, making Baby laugh at what she thought was one of Ted's jokes. The log was passenger train bound north, and it pulled on now loose, but it took. Ted a long time, with very hard work, to get it over the door-sill and into the house. By the time that he got it neers seeing each other's trains. Some tracknever burn at all, and he had made up his mind passenger train jumped. The engineer and what he would do for wood. The tunnel that fireman of the freight stood at their past. The with his digging the next day, so as to get to time. The remaining passengers had barely that wood-pile at least. But for to-night he was recovered from the shock when they found say, he was going to burn all the planks and timbers of the summer kitchen that he could danger was great and the wildest excitement

I'd burn it up before Baby should be cold. car, owing to locked doors, climbed up, ran And if mother don't come, and I don't get to | across the cars, dropped into the caboose and the wood-pile, I'll burn the chairs and tables | shut off the steam, thereby preventing what and bedsteads, and all the floors in the house. | threatened for a few moments to be a terrible I won't do that if I can help it; but one thing's | calamity. sure, and that is that the Baby's got to be kept warm."

So he took the axe and knocked the summer kitchen to pieces, and piled the wood in the house ready for use. For the baby's supper he boiled the egg that was left, and after putting her to bed he was glad to go to bed himself. Morning came again, but still no word or sign from the absent mother. Ted was very uneasy about her, but it was of no use to worry, | Turned from their homes, and each loved one, and he had the baby to care for. The eggs were gone now, and so for Baby's breakfast he made a sort of gruel of corn-meal, and, to help out, he gave her what was left of the bread, first wetting and sweetening it and making it

But now he was growing very uneasy. The bread was all eaten up, though Ted had not | Changed the comforts of laundried wear touched a crumb of it himself, and he did not know what to give the baby to eat for dinner and supper except gruel. He tried to make soup out of bacon, but it was only greasy salt water, and he could not give her that. Then he remembered that the hen-house was near the wood-pile, so he made up his mind to keep on working at his tunnel until he should get to the hen-house, no matter how tired he should be. But first he mixed up some corn-bread and shed was nearly all burned up.

After carrying in wood and building up a big When Ted waked he was puzzled. It was fire he went back to his digging, leaving the dark still, but somehow it did not seem to be | baby tied in a little chair so that she might not night. He could hear the wind blowing, but get to the fire. In order to keep her from cryit sounded a long way off, or as it might have | ing he made it a rule to run in every few minsounded to him if his head had been wrapped | ntes and make a funny face or do some queer up in a blanket. There was no more of its | prank to make her laugh. His legs and arms | Or was it "for tun," and big pay, in fact, ached with the hard work, but he was getting He jumped out of bed with a queer feeling, on, and he must have a chicken before he quit as if something strange had happened. He digging. At last he reached the hen-house, stirred up the fire, and threw on some wood, and a few minutes later Master Ted sat in the which made a blaze. Then he looked at the look.

Baby was very hungry, and a little cross on that traitorous fire in your rear began?

Half past eight!" he said to himself. "Why, that account, but Ted kept up his jokes, and that safe-in-the-rear, pence-at-any-price clans. Tell Wall street's libelous sheets, if you can, which made a blaze. Then he looked at the | house showing Baby "how to pick a chicken." how is that? I went to bed at ten, so it can't | managed to amuse her. She stood by while he be half past eight at night. But it isn't half | cut up a part of the chicken, and watched him

Ted didn't know much about cooking, but he made a pretty good broth that night. He

That night Ted lay awake for a long time, thinking about his mother. He was sure somecalling him.

Now let's see what happened to Ted's mother. When she rode away to visit her sick sister she hoped to get home again before dark, though the distance she had to travel was very long. By the time she had done what was needed at her sister's the snow had begun to fall, and so she hurried away on her homeward ride. But were so deep that she had to travel very slowly. Night came on, and the storm grew worse. In a little while she could not tell where the road was, but still kept on. She was frightened what direction she was going. At last her horse became worn out, and fell as he was trying to struggle over some fallen trees covered with snow. The poor animal was unable to rise again, and the half-frozen, half-dead woman went on on foot, toiling through the great snow-banks, and staggering with giddiness from cold and fright and weariness. Hour after hour she kept on going all the time further away from home; for she had entirely lost her bearings. It was morning before the poor woman gave up. Then she sank down in the snow, and knew no more. A farmer passing by that way in the early

morning to look after his cattle saw her dress, from which the wind had blown away the snow, and he quickly dug her out and carried her to his house. She had wandered twenty miles away from her own home, and so neither the farmer nor any member of his family knew who she was. But they did what they could for her, and got her to bed as soon as they had rubbed her to a life-like warmth again. All that day and night she was out of her head and lay in bed talking of her children and

moaning. On the next day she came to herself, and as soon as she found out where she was, and how long she had been away from home, she told the good people about Ted and Baby being all alone in the house. It was a bad time to travel, but the farmer with two other men set out at once to save the little ones, and in spite of her weak state Ted's mother went too in the farmer's wagon. As they neared the house, after dark that night, they found it buried in the snow-drift; but the farmer had brought shovels with him for use if the road should be blocked anywhere, and with these he and his men began to dig. It was midnight before they cleared a passage to the front door, and then they shouted and banged upon the door until Ted awoke.

mother that night. A great roaring fire was | color of teeth incrusted with yellow tartar. No built up, hot coffee was made and drunk, and gritty or other objectionable ingredient con-Ted had to tell his story over and over again taminates it, its odor is balmy, and its purifying operation therough, in answer to his mother's questions.

There was no difficulty about his own din-ner, for there was plenty of bacon to fry, and he said, "and I ruined the big tongs, and I he could roast as many potatoes as he liked. spose I've made an awful mess in the house; But the baby's dinner was the puzzle. She but I told you I'd take care of the baby, and

"Never mind about the kitchen, or the tongs,

THREE BABY LIONS

enough."-Harper's Young People.

Added to the Menagerie of Pets New Wintering at Cleveland, Ohio. [From the Cleveland Leader.]

There was a scene of great excitement at the room occupied by some of the wild animals belonging to Hilliard's circus and menagerie yesterday afternoon. The occasion was the birth of three baby lions. In the afternoon the Taking one of the eggs, he broke it and beat it with a spoon, but as he did not keep the yolk that of the lioness, began to bound about in their narrow quarters, shaking the entire building with their powerful blows, and the iron "It'll have to do anyhow," he said, after bars seemed too frail to hold them in. Their wondering what was the matter, and so he set | roars were terrifying, and set all the other down the bowl of egg and prepared the rest of animals agog. The lone hyens, whose comhis pudding. Breaking up what bread there | panion died a few days ago, joined in the was left, he wetted it with snow-water, put in | tumult with the most mouroful yells, the a good deal of sugar, and set the mixture by | monkeys barked and chattered in great excitethe fire to heat. When it was not through he ment, the Liberian ape climbed to the top of stirred in the egg, and then tasted the result. | the bars and kept up an incessant pounding It was not much of a pudding, but he had talked | with his hind feet, the cockatoo set up its most to Baby about it till she was sure it was the greatest pudding anybody ever made, and, as nered black bear displayed unusual interest in it was sweet, she ate it without finding out that | the uprear. By 3 o'clock three pretty little mottled cubs were brought to life. They are When dinner was over, Ted set to work to about a foot long and covered with fine, silky, get the big back log into the house, and this | yellow hair, slightly brindled, looking as much was a new frolic for Baby to watch. The log like puppies as cubs. The mother regards was very heavy, but his mind was made up. | them most tenderly and gives a most threaten-He dug the snow away from the log, and then | ing look to any outsider who displays his curiosity by approaching too close to her cage. They grow very rapidly," said Mr. Garvey, "and in a few days they will be playing around

How a Passenger Saved a Train.

[From the Detroit Post and Tribune.] On Monday afternoon the operator at Paris into its place in the back of the great chimney | men took in the situation and signaled the aphe was quite tired out; but he knew he must | proaching trains of the danger. Both reversed have some wood to go with it, else the log would | engines, and the engineer and fireman of the he had begun to dig toward the cow-house collision took place, but happily was not seriwould lead past the big wood-pile, where there ous. Many of the passengers leaped from the was plenty of wood, and Ted meant to go on train, and there was great excitement for a going to burn the summer kitchen; that is to their train was running back at about thirty

SONGS OF THE CAMP.

The Hue and Cry. Who fears to speak of sixty-one, Or blushes at the name? Not those who at boom of Sumter's gun, And its wilder echoes at Red Bull Run,

To beat back treason's flame; Turned from the checkered dance of Life To tread a measure with Death-From quiet home-calm to tumult and strife From the meeting hymn to the drum and fife, From the clinging arms of parent or wife, To the battle's sulphurous breath!

For a foul and verminous shirt; The household's love and healthy care,
For the hideous woes, worse than swinish fare,
And depths of Andersonville's despair, For hunger, and thirst and dirt!

Changed the furrowed field and meadow sweet,

The peaceful routine of trade,

For the weary march with blistered feet, Its wet and cold, its dust and heat; The homestead's sheltering roof and seat For a share in a dog-tent's shade. Who stood a living rampart wall Where canister, grape, and minie-ball

Sent scores to answer the last roll-call-(On whose ears no Senator's "fraud" eries fall)-Did the barbarous pageant of war attract Each "Yank" from a safer duty? Or loot to be goined from towns they sacked? That called Private Smith to be shot and hacked?

And the hope of "Leauty and booty?" You one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged man! And you, old physical wreck!

And that border-buzzard, Beck! No! The Nation's future you held in trust, And the world your valor praised; 'Twas not till your blades were laid to rust, And the banners you bore thro' the bloody dust Of historic fields aside were thrust,

That this "hue and cry" was raised! The Little Major. At his post, the little Major Dropped his drum that battle day. On the grass, all stained with crimson, Through the weary night he lay, Crying, "O, for love of Jesus, Grant me but this little boon! Can you, friend, refuse me water—

Can you, when I die so soon?" There were none to help or save him, All his friends had early fled, Save the forms outstretched around him Of the dying and the dead. Hark! he hears a footstep falling; How it makes his heart rejoice They will help! O, they will save him, When they hear his fainting voice, Crying, "O, for love of Jesus," &c.

Now the lights are flashing round him, And he hears a loyal word; Strangers they, whose lips pronou Yet he trusts his voice is heard. It is heard; 0, God forgive them, They refuse his dying prayer;
"Nothing but a wounded drummer"—
So they say, and leave him there,
Crying, "O, for love of Jesus," &c.

See! the stars that shone above him Veil their face, as if in grief; And the skies are sadly weeping, Shedding tear-drops of relief. But, to die by friends forsaken, When, at morn, he gasped and died, Crying, "O, for love of Jesus," &c.

Let Them Slumber in Peace. Let them slumber in peace where their comrades

On the field of their fame they so nobly have Where the dark hand of treason so foully betrayed And stained with their lifeblood the green-springing sod.

Every man was a hero! Our country, exulting, Shall point to their deeds in the far-coming time Outnumbered they conquered, and the glory re-

Shall live on the page of our history sublime. O, pray for them, mothers, for great were the danger
To those whom at morn and at eve you caress;

Your treasurers of home were the prey of the Had they quailed in the hoar of our Nation's dis-They sprang to their duty when Freedom was The brave to arouse at her chieftain's command;

They fell in the harvest of battle appalling— Victorious in dying—the best of our land.

Their names with the heroes of old let us number, Who taught a proud Nation that man will O fair is the warning they speak in their slumber, Let the Briton beware how he crosses the sea, Nor dare interfere in the struggle progressing

To rescue from ruin the garden of earth For dauntless in battle, their wrongs while re-Are those who now fight for the land of their

Gemmed with Pearls.

A mouth gemmed with pearls flashes radiance every time it opens. The contrast between the ruby of lovely lips and the pearly teeth they enclosed has winged the fancy of many a poet. SOZODONT, fair ones, is the thing that most contributes to adorn the feminine mouth. There was no more sleep for Ted or his It is pure, it is aromatic, it retains the natural